

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY, APRIL 20, 1919.

Curious Human Specimen Is President; Lives Alone, Thinks Alone and Acts Alone; His Force Deadly; Has Wisdom of Serpent

Botchkareva Tells How Kerensky Aided Foundation Woman's Death Battalion; Also Start of Campaign to Get Recruits

So Mr. White, Statesman-Journalist, Describes Mr. Wilson—Says He Is Having Fight of His Life in a Battle for International Responsibility and the Genuine Brotherhood of Man.

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

Paris, March 27 (by mail).—When President Wilson came to Europe in December, 1918, he appealed to the masses of Europe over the heads of their governments. Now he is dealing exclusively with the organized governments of Europe. When he appeared in Paris a dozen and six weeks ago great crowds packed the Champs Elysees. His progress from the Arch to the Tuilleries was a tremendous triumph. No other ruler ever had a greater reception. The day he came back to Paris in March, a tattered cotton banner, sagging in the wind, rain-stained and bedraggled, bearing the legend, "Honneur a Wilson, le Juste," a banner left over from December, hanging near the corner of the Avenue Montaigne and the Elysean Fields, was the only reminder of a day that was gone.

President's Greeting Brief Ceremony.

As the banner was flying in the light spring breeze the train bearing the Presidential party was steaming into the station; a Poilu band was throwing back its head and blowing into the brass the glory that is France in a grand salute; a dozen frock-coated plug-hatted elderly gentlemen with cynical turn of face, Clemenceau, up from his bed of pain, Poincare and Baron Celleri, along with the Americans, Mr. Lansing, Bernard Baruch, Vance McCormick—gentlemen of the bedchamber—stood on a red velvet carpet in the station, amid potted palms and evergreens and welcomed the President back to France. The whistles did not blow; there was no cheering in the station. There was little more ceremony in the greeting than if the village delegate had just come home from the Grand Lodge, ready to exemplify the new work. Outside little more enthusiasm prevailed. At the Hotel de Crillon that afternoon when the three high potencies—Lloyd George, Clemenceau and the President—met to discuss matters, a crowd gathered with eager rubber necks.

Succeeds in Conference.

After that Paris went its way, and the President took up his daily routine. It is a rather humdrum life that he lives, full of hard work and with little play. Dinners and luncheons do not seem to interest him. He has few guests and calls on no one for advice—no one but Col. House, on whom he calls more for information than advice. Yet for the first time in his Presidential life, President Wilson is playing a new game. He is meeting strong opposition face to face and combating it. Heretofore, in the White House, he has been able to avoid his opponents personally. If a man opposed a Presidential policy the man never got inside the barricade at the White House. Men said the President could not carry on a successful short range contest. His strength was not with the bayonet, but with the big Bertha of Presidential power. Men also said that he couldn't use the club and gun-butt. "But," Uncle Remus, protested the little boy, "rabbits don't climb trees; they can't climb."

Loves Publicity.

For no American President in a generation has hidden his own personality behind the screen of his office as has President Wilson. He loves the white light of pitiless publicity for the other fellow. But no one has shunned it so much for himself as President Wilson. Taft didn't mind it; ask him if it was true that he hooked up his wife's dress, and he'd laugh and chuckle and return the soft answer. Roosevelt was always making public demonstration of his human qualities. If he strayed an enemy he did it on the steps of the White House when the Marine Band was playing in the garden and he talked to beat the band, so that the whole world might know it. Grover Cleveland was perfectly willing to talk about the number of drinks they had aboard the Mayflower down the bay. But after a conflict, grimy and filthy with the blood of his foe, President Wilson loves to discourse about the sweet accord, and the fraternal unanimity of the session. Always the curtain folding slowly back from an off-stage murder, discloses the white hands of President Wilson clasped in an attitude of prayer! Yet his assaults always are righteous; and are as the lawyers say "affected by their public use." He does not use his great power for personal ends. Huerta and Wilhelm and Pichon had earned the displeasure of the high gods; they had it coming! Why then, the President should be ashamed of his ill is inexplicable, save by his inherent desire to avoid the spotlight.

Here is a case in point: Suppose the President should desire to incorporate into the league of nations a clause which would guarantee to Jew religious liberty and all other things. Then suppose that he heard that the Jews would insist, if that clause were presented, in addition to it a phrase which would guarantee all races equality of opportunity in all lands—including immigration to America; then suppose that it were wise to shelve both propositions and present the league covenant without either! Would the President explain why he had shied? Not for a minute! He would regard such an explanation as the height of impropriety; the fact that it might help him politically would not occur to him. The impropriety of disclosing a secret would appal him. Now in this purely supposititious case we have a key to the reason why President Wilson abandoned the first of his fourteen points: Open covenants openly arrived at; the publicity would affect him.

Lends Orchestra.

He loves the children of the light, but he doesn't play with them! If a reporter would dare to tell the story (if one could imagine so improbable a story) of Premier Hughes reacted to President Wilson's demand that the Pacific Island should be held under a trusteeship, and not turned over to Australia; of how the premier bolted the room with the secretaries running after him to haul him back, of how they finally got him back and smoothed things over, President Wilson would deny it and affect him. Not because it was discreditable to him; not because it might have leaked from him; but because for a second the spotlight lighted the opera (Sunday night too mind you) the President rose in his box and led the orchestra with an American baton! But that time in public, that also was at a time when the wine of popular acclaim was in his head, and men thought he could haul by the touch of his hands and turn

water to wine, and Orlando and Sonnino into apostles of sweetness and light. So he forgot the spot light.

But to return to those first days of President Wilson's second coming to Paris. When he got there he found things jammed. There was a series of compromises had undone a lot of the work which the President considered settled; a lot of boundaries had been set on what the President considered a bad basis. Certain reports of commissions which had been considered final were in his opinion only temporary, and he wasted no time in thinking things over. He acted. He was audacious to the point of impudence; but he did act, and things began to move after he arrived. The aspect of the conference changed; the great international horse trade became again something like a forum of justice. Reporters who saw the change could

LET'S FINISH THE JOB!--IT IS YOUR JOB!



On the sixth of April, 1917, the people of the United States entered the war. From that day until the eleventh of November, 1918, we Americans kept our shoulders to the wheel of endeavor. We saved and sacrificed. We toiled and fought. We struggled whole-hearted and well toward the goal of victory. We laid aside all other things and concentrated upon winning the war. War became our chief and foremost business.

We are not yet finished with it.

For this job was not only a task of manufacturing munitions of war, uniforms, ships and the transportation of supplies and troops across the Atlantic. It was not only a matter of firing guns and going over the top. It included the financing of our part of the war. The financial obligation began with our entry into the war. But it did not cease with the signing of the armistice. It will not end until the boys have been returned to their homes; until Uncle Sam has paid all of his—AMERICA'S—war bills.

That is why we Americans owe it to ourselves and our government to lend our dollars in the Fifth Liberty Loan, which is our FIRST VICTORY LOAN. This will be our last chance to lend money in a popular subscription campaign to the government, for the financing of this war.

Billions of dollars had to be spent during the months we fought because we had to prepare rapidly; we had to rush into the fray at topmost speed at a moment when France was weakening and Great Britain was unable to bear the strain alone. It is true that we wasted money, but we hastened. We won. And this, after all, is the main thing.

Those three men are Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau and Woodrow Wilson. The responsibility is stupendous. And when one realizes what a strong will can do in such a situation, one is shocked at such power being encased in one life. There can be no doubt that the strongest will of the three is that of President Wilson. Clemenceau is old and obstinate; but he caves in when the pressure is strong. Lloyd George is insistent, seeking lines of least resistance, feeling for weak places, compromising and greatly insistent, but never indomitable. Woodrow Wilson is iron when his conviction is set. He is also ruthless. The timidity which has kept opposition from him in the White House, which surrounds him with men and women of what may be called the soft approach, is not a sign of weakness; at base it is a sign of his habit, of domination, of his unbreakable desire to rule. So in

These war bills, the demobilization of our army, and the returning of our boys from foreign lands back to their homes and civilian life, are our chief concern. Most of the billions we are now asked to lend has been spent, and it remains for our government to borrow the money from citizens, to pay the bills and then commence to reduce the size of the national debt by taxation.

Our war debt must be paid. Not a living person in this country can escape paying his or her share. We will pay that war debt whether we wear clothes, eat food, when we play and when we work. Our children's children will pay. For years we will pay, pay, pay. That is taxation.

The Victory Loan is NOT taxation. It is merely a method whereby the government finances its obligations until they are paid. The government might step in and raise the entire amount by taxation, levying heavy upon every person. It prefers to pass the burden of payment over a period of years, thus lightening the immediate load. To do this, there must be money borrowed. And of whom, better than to ourselves, should the people of this country borrow money? To whom, better than to themselves, should they pay interest?

You, a citizen of America, now are asked to lend money to yourself. That, in substance, is the appeal of this Victory Loan. You are asked to lend money to Yourself so YOU can bring back OUR soldier boys, and to pay for bringing back those who already have returned.

When that is done the job will be finished. And not until then. We can't avoid it and we can't evade it. We cannot shift the burden. It is ours. It is our patriotic duty; our solemn obligation to our boys who sacrificed far more than we to win the war.

The unfinished business of this war lies before us. The Victory Loan is the implement with which we may finish the job. We were not slackers from April 6, 1917, to November 11, 1918. Shall be slackers now?

Only one sure basis for prediction about this man Wilson will work. It is his faith in the folks, in the fundamental righteousness of the American people. That is the only rule he always seems to go by. It is a rule that will guide one but poorly in guessing Wilson ahead of his deeds; for opinions differ as to what the American people really think. But he knows. How he knows is a mystery. Excepting Col. House

the men around the President would not know public sentiment from a psychological hypothesis, and Col. House bothers little about it. Yet it is the very air he breathes, coming like a mystic with the spirit of the times, he strains the truth—and with tremendous quiet force he fights for it.

Just now he is having the fight of his life; here in the conference, and there in America. The old world of nationalism, of individualism, of laissez faire at home and abroad, the old world that was not his brother's keeper, is battling for its life. It will be a long fight; this is merely the first round. This decade will not settle it. The new idea, the idea of social democracy, of international responsibility of the genuine brotherhood of nations will not spring full-panoplied into power. It is an epoch's fight. And today America, through its President is the chief defender of the new faith.

Famous Russian Heroine Describes Early Struggles to Organize Unit, the Purpose of Which Was to Shame Men Into Action on Firing Line.

THIS STARTS THE STORY.

In the summer of 1917, Maria Botchkareva formed the Battalion of Death, a woman's fighting unit in the Russian army, and thus a peasant girl stepped into the international hall of fame. This is her story. In earlier installments she told of her childhood, of the brutalities of her married life, her attempt to commit suicide to escape a cruel husband, and her final success in evading him. She told of the many molestations at the hands of officials, soldiers and boys she was trapped in a house of shame by promises of work. In desperation she attempted suicide a second time. A man intervened. She grew to like him and they lived together by civil agreement. She lived happily with him for three years when a revolutionist sought refuge at their home. The political refugee and husband fled when discovered by the authorities. They were caught in their night. She and her husband became separated. She located him in a prison and set out to carry her appeal to the governor. Arriving in Siberia, the husband was threatened with further exile to the most desolate of prison camps. Maria Botchkareva intervened and had to deal with a libertine governor. Her husband was given his liberty, but the price was that she was drugged and chained by the governor. She attempted suicide by drinking poison. When the husband learned of the outrage he attempted to kill the governor, for which act he was again exiled. The husband grew to be a worthless gambler. In a rage he at one time hung his wife, but she was rescued in time to save her life. Maria Botchkareva could no longer endure his brutality. Rumblings of the world war had reached far off Siberia. Maria decided to leave her husband and enlist. She was rejected because she was a woman. She appealed to the Czar. Her appeal was granted. She went to the front. She was decorated for rescuing fifty wounded comrades under fire. She was wounded on several occasions.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES.

To this objection I replied that numbers were immaterial, that what was important was to shame the men, and that a few women at one place could serve as an example to the entire front. "It would be necessary that the women's organization should have no committees and be run on the regular army basis in order to ensure discipline as a restorative of discipline." I further explained.

Rodzianko thought my suggestion splendid and pictured the enthusiasm that would be bound to be provoked among the men in case of women occupying some trenches and taking the lead in an offensive.

There were objections, however, from the floor. One delegate got up and said:

"One of us will take exception to a soldier like Botchkareva. The men of the front know her and have heard of her deeds. But who will guarantee that the other women will be as decent as she and will not dishonor the army?"

Another delegate remarked: "Who will guarantee that the presence of women soldiers at the front will not yield them little soldiers?"

"There were no objections to the conditions which I outlined as preliminary to the establishment of such a unit. Still, I never expected that the government would consider the matter seriously and permit me to carry out the idea, although I was informed that it would be submitted to Kerensky upon his return from the front. President Rodzianko took a deep interest in the project. He introduced me to Capt. Demetiev, commander of the Home for Invalids, asking him to place a room or two at my disposal and generally take care of me. I went through the captain, who promised me to his wife, a dear, patriotic woman who soon became very much attached to me."

Back On the Front.

The following morning Rodzianko telephoned, suggesting that before the matter was brought to War Minister Kerensky it would be wise to take it up with the Commander in Chief, Gen. Brusilov, who could pass upon it from the point of view of the army. If he approved, it would be easier to obtain Kerensky's permission.

General headquarters were then at Moghilev and there we went, Capt. Demetiev and I, to obtain an audience with the commander in chief. We were received by his adjutant on the 14th of May. He announced our arrival and purpose to Gen. Brusilov, who had us shown in.

It was a warm day, elapsed since I left the front, and here I was again, this time not in the trenches, however, but in the presence of the commander in chief. It was such a sudden metamorphosis and I could not help wondering, deep in my soul, over the strange ways of fortune. Brusilov met us with a cordial hand-shaking. He was interested in the idea, he said. Wouldn't we sit down? We did. I told him about my soldiering and my leaving the front because I could not reconcile myself to the prevailing conditions. I explained that the purpose of the plan would be to shame the men in the trenches by having the women go over the top first. The commander in chief then discussed the matter from various angles with Capt. Demetiev and approved of my idea. He bade us adieu, expressing his hope for the success of my enterprise, and, in a happy frame of mind, I left for Petrograd.

Kerensky had returned from the front. We called upon Rodzianko and told him of the result of our mission. He informed us that he had already asked for an audience with Kerensky

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